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REMINISCENCES.

Personal Recollections of a Trip to Texas in Pioneer Days, and Some Incidents in Cow Boy Life in the West.

(By L. N. Perkins.)

When the Civil War ended in April, 1865, I was then 20 years of age and at my father's home in Grayson county, Va., having been in the Confederate States service about two and a half year, and with me, as with most all returned soldiers, there was nothing else to do but go to work and try to make something to eat and wear.

The war had been in duration a little over four years; most all the able bodied men away from home, and those who remained at home, were tithed by the U. S. A. Government, one tenth of all they raised for the support of the government. Yet the people had enough to live on and clothes to wear, and so far as I know, there was no case of actual suffering anywhere, but there was no money except what silver and gold had been hidden away, that was worth anything. There was plenty of Confederate money and a considerable amount of State Bank money, but was worth nothing more than that amount of brown paper, and there was nothing to bring money into the country—no surplus stock, grain or anything of the kind, and all the farmers could do was to work to raise something to live on and to wear. The people then made their own clothing from wool, flax and cotton yarn.

I had served during the war with a Texas Company. All but about a dozen of the boys when at home, were residents of Tarrant and Dallas counties, Texas, and several of them about my own age, and, like most of boys when away from home, they seemed to think there was no place like home, and were continually singing the Praises of Texas. In fact that was the most I heard for two years, so I determined that sooner or later I'd see Texas for myself, but how to get there was the problem. It was a long distance to walk, and I had no money to travel on, and no way of getting any for some time. A man by the name of Gallatan Redford, who had enlisted in Gano's squadron from Plano, Collins county, Texas, was in prison with me, and paroled a short time after I was, came to my father's home about the time of General Lee's surrender and decided to stop in the community for a while, at least. He secured him a place to work near where I lived, and we agreed that we would make a trip to Texas as soon as it was profitable to do so. In the first place, we needed a little money to travel on, and it seemed best to wait until order could be restored in the country, as every thing was in a chaotic condition during the reconstruction period. So we worked on, but kept planning to make a start, possibly in the fall or early winter. But when that time arrived we could not yet see our way clear to start, so we postponed our intended trip until spring. My friend Redford was raised in Todd county, Ky., and he had a brother and many other relatives living there, so we decided we would try and get to his relatives first, and then make our way farther on as circumstances might dictate. My own family and all my very near relatives were opposed to my going. My father wanted me to go to school,

so I had to depend on my own resources for assistance.

On the 6th day of June, 1866, we made the start. Our route was selected by the way of Seven Mile Ford, Va.,—where we took the train—thence to Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville, to Bowling Green, Ky., where we took a road to Trenton, Ky., a station a few miles from the community where my friends relatives lived. When we started on the trip I had \$7.50 that I had managed to save up, and my friend had about the same amount, or, perhaps a few dollars more. This was a small amount of money to make a long trip on, but Greenbacks were hard to get in those days and we had to make out with as little as possible.

The distance from Mouth of Wilson, Va. to Seven Mile Ford was 30 miles, and as we expected to take the train that night, we hired some one to take us about half way, and we walked the balance and got to the depot in due time and took the train to Bristol, Tenn. That was before the days of through tickets, so when we changed roads we had to buy another ticket. We rode on without incident until we reached Chattanooga, where we found that our stock of ready cash was almost exhausted. We had just money enough to buy tickets to War Trace, Tenn., a station a short distance from Murfreesboro. We did not try to beat our way on the train, so when our tickets gave out we shouldered our grips and started out in the country in quest of work, so we could get more money to travel on. We only went a mile or two until we met an old farmer who wanted some help to plow out his corn, so went to work at 59 cents a day and board. The family where we stopped seemed to be splendid people and treated us well. We only worked a few days, as Redford had written to his brother that he was on his way to his home, was out of money and had to stop. So he sent him some money and that, in addition to what he worked out, was enough to take us on to Trenton, Ky., where my friend was at home. When we reached Trenton and finding no one to meet us, we started to walk to Mr. Redford's home some five or six miles away but we had not gone far until we met Mr. Redford in a buggy coming to see about us, so he took us in and treated us royally. My friend had left Kentucky some years before and volunteered from Texas, but his relatives all seemed glad to welcome him back, and though he was at home, I was not, but was a long way from home and expecting to go further, so I immediately began to look around for a job of work. I did not have to go far, however, but hired to work on a farm belonging to William Hatcher, an uncle by marriage of Mr. Redford, and I was to get \$20 per month. Mr. Hatcher and his family were splendid people and were Southern in sentiment. Mrs. Hatcher was a native of Virginia and they were as kind to me as if I had been a near relative.

Todd county, Ky., is a rich farming country and I suppose the most extensive tobacco producing country in the United States. In one locality I saw 300 acres in a body in tobacco. So my principal work was plowing in tobacco and corn. My intention then was not to remain longer than necessary where I was, but as soon as I could get a little money to go on to Missouri, where I had friends living, and then go on to Texas.

(Continued next week.)

Mysterious Light Appears Over Virginia Mountain.

Lenoir News-Topic.

The people of the Mole Hill section, near Harrisburg, Va., claim that a mysterious light is appearing over a certain locality there, and believe the cause to be a deposit of radium probably beneath the hill. A clipping sent us from Washington by M. W. W. Scott, gives the following account of the Mole Hill light. Mr. Scott says in sending this to the News-Topic that it might be well for some one to gobble up Brown mountain:

"Mole Hill, near this city, may contain incalculable wealth in radium deposits.

"Buried in the basaltic rock some of the richest radium deposits in the world may lie concealed, according to stories which circulated about the town with the news that the summit had been purchased.

"At times, during damp, dark nights, sudden flashes, like auroral lights, have been seen to shoot upward from the sides and crest of the hill.

"After remaining for some time like a shimmering halo about the summit they disappear, only to give place to others that follow during the course of the night.

"The geologic composition of the mass forming the hill, which is a basaltic rock, is altogether foreign to anything else found in this section of the United States.

"Specimens of boulders found have blotches of jet black crystals, with edges as sharp and keen cutting as glass.

"These are said to be composed of hornblende, from which radium is derived.

"The ridge rises 1,900 feet above sea level. It is the highest elevation for miles around and has long been popular with picnic parties. It controls a wonderful panoramic view of the surrounding country."

A CHEESE-MAKER'S SHORT COURSE FOR WATAUGA COUNTY.

The North Carolina Experiment Station, co-operating with the U. S. Dairy Division will conduct a Cheesemaker's School at the Walnut Grove School House at Sugar Grove, Watauga County, beginning Feb. 14th and continuing for four weeks.

This course is open to either men or women who wish to learn this profession. The Dairy Field Office at West Raleigh will furnish free, all text books and other necessary equipment. The course is entirely free. Board and lodging can be obtained near the School at a very reasonable price.

This course will consist of Practical Cheesemaking, Dairy Chemistry, Cheese Factory Management, Bookkeeping, Milk Production, and two days a week will be used in practical cheesemaking at the Cove Creek cheese factory. The instructors in charge will be D. R. Noland of Cornell University, N. Y., J. C. Conover of the Kansas Agricultural College, and others.

As there is a demand for trained cheesemakers both in the South and North, this will be a fine opportunity to learn this profession. Any one who is interested in taking this course should make application to F. R. Farnham, Boone, N. C.

The national House of Representatives has decided that 435 members are enough. This is the next best decision to deciding that 435 are too many.—News and Observer.

RETIRING JUDGES TO RETIRE ON PART PAY.

If the proposal before the Legislature for the retirement of judges on part pay following a certain period of service will mean that judges will stick to their places longer it will certainly serve a very useful purpose. A judge is just like a man in any other calling. He does not do his best work at first. He has to learn the task before he performs it perfectly. Of course he learns his work in part through his experience as a lawyer. But a judge's duties are broader and bigger than those of a lawyer, and the best of lawyers is not at his best as a judge until he has been on the bench long enough to meet and familiarize himself with the emergencies that judges have to meet. There are some situations that cannot be foreseen and prepared for, and can be coped with successfully only through the school of experience.

It is perfectly certain that the administration of justice has suffered to a considerable extent in this State because so many judges after a brief tenure have felt called upon to retire to private practice. If the position can be made so attractive that it will continue to command the services of good lawyers and hold them in continuous service the cause of justice will surely be materially advanced.—News and Observer.

THE CHEESE OUTLOOK FOR 1921.

Perhaps to those who have not kept informed, regarding the prevailing prices now on cheese the past weeks quotations as quoted by the Plymouth, Wis. Cheese Board, was 24½ cents per pound. This is the wholesale price that governs the price received by the Watauga Co. factories. When this price is compared with prevailing prices for other farm products, especially farm butter, which is quoted around 15c per pound, it shows that cheese is bringing a very good price.

It occurs to the writer that until the next seasons crops are grown and harvested, there is nothing much except milk that can be sold to provide a cash income.

We all know that there is always a ready market for all the good cheese that can be made. In view of the above facts, may I not suggest that it would be a good policy for every farmer who is in reach of a local cheese factory to prepare now to produce and sell every pound of milk that can be conveniently produced during the coming grass season.

F. R. FARNHAM.

Presumably the propose measure to regulate coal will be ready by next June, when coal isn't half as important to most of us as ice.—News and Courier.

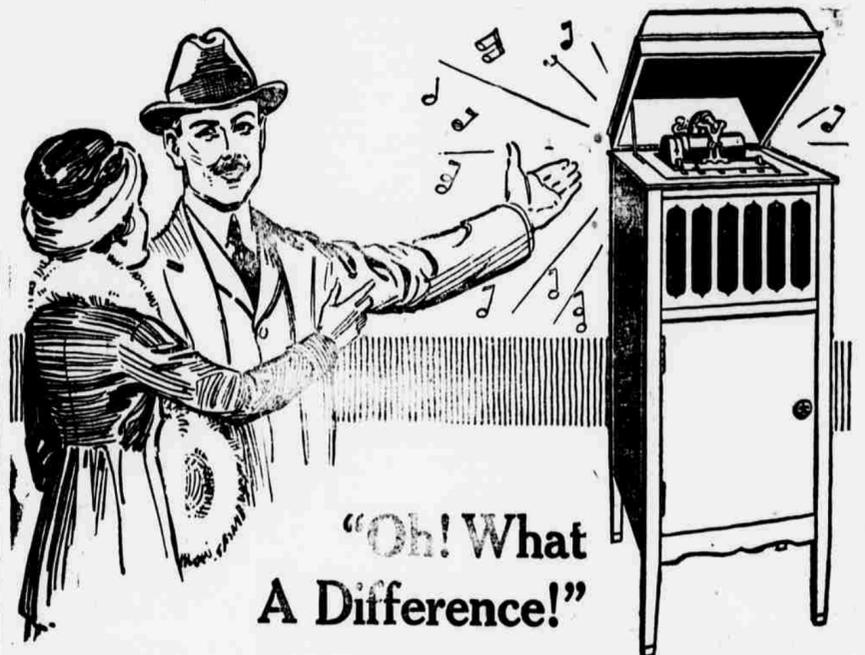
UNJUST CRITICISM.

So often a newspaper is criticised for not carrying this or that item of news, or making mention of the visitors in some home or of some happening of news value when the paper had no intimation of the event. So often we find that somebody has taken it for granted that someone else has reported the item that should have appeared. Just a short time ago a good woman who had recently moved away died in her new home. Several of her friends attended the funeral and evidently those who knew of the death simply thought the newspaper would find out about it. The paper came out without it and afterwards several asked, "Why didn't you say something about Mrs. A's death?" We couldn't know about it by intuition or by some strange secret power.

This is told by way of example and to emphasize our desire to get all the news of the community. You can help if you will. Won't you.—Morganton News Herald.

Bed Spreads Wanted.

The Hanwork Shop, Poughkeepsie, New York, wants nicely made bed spreads in the following designs: Bowl of Roses, Swing Basket, Mountain Lily, Bamboo Briar, Wandering Vine, Sweet Briar Rose, Snowball, Bird and Tree, Hickory Leaf, Wild Cucumber and Bowknot and Thistle. Payment made in a very short time. Dec. 6, 1920.



That is what everyone says who comes to our store and hears the pure musical tone of Edison's Amberola Phonograph, after listening to shrill "talking machines" and the metallic sound of ordinary phonographs.

That is what you will say when this revelation of pure melody greets your ears. No wonder Edison's Amberola has proved its marked superiority over ordinary phonographs in great public tests.

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is the world's greatest phonograph value—the "master product of Edison's master mind." Just consider its genuine Diamond Point Reproducer, which forever does away with the bother and expense of changing needles!

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